OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

NOW that everybody all over the world is finding out exactly how everybody else does things and all of the different nations are giving up their old customs and taking on new ones, it is probable that before very long boys and girls all over the world will be going to school in exactly the same way, in the same sort of school houses, to the same sort of teachers and studying from exactly the same sort of books. Even now there are not as many interesting ways of going to school as there used to be before enlightenment and modern methods spread so far over the world. But in remote country districts of foreign places there are still the old-fashioned schools where the pupils didn't learn so much perhaps as in the more

Oldtime Korean Day School.

modern institutions of learning, but which are very picturesque and interesting.

In Corea the small children used to go to school every day to a very old man who was a very wise person indeed and was supposed to know a great deal more than anybody else in the community. When they took their lessons they sat on the floor, over which a rug had been spread, and the teacher also sat on the floor in front of them. It was really more of a kneeling posture than a sitting one that they adopted, because their feet were drawn up under them and their voluminous robes spread about them in graceful folds.

American Methods in Corea.

The little girls and the little boys went to different classes, and all the classes were taught by men. Usually the teacher was a very reverend looking person with a white pointed beard and spectacles. He customarily wore a white robe with huge flowing sleeves and a long, full skirt, and on his head, even while he was in the house engaged in teaching, a high, narrow hat, which gave him a most distinguished appearance.

A low, long stool set directly in front of the teacher served as his table, and on this was laid the large book from which the children learned their lessons. Each child had also a book of its own, which was placed on the floor in front of it. The master had a long pointer, which he used in teaching the lesson, and the child who was reciting had also one of these long pointers with which to point out the characters in the book.

When the little Japanese child or the Chinese child took its first reading lesson it, too, sat on the floor, and instead of reading from a book a very long and wide strip of paper, which was fastened at one end to a great many other strips of paper of similar shape, was used as the book. On these paper leaves the characters of the Chinese or Japanese language were printed. The principal subject of study for both the Chinese and the Japanese boy when he had advanced to a place in the schools which would be equivalent with us to a high school was the study of the Chinese classics. All this has been changed since English and American ideals of education have become popular in China and Japan.

An amusing school which is now being conducted in England by the London County Council holds its sessions every morning in the band stand in the park. All the children are warmly wrapped up when the cool weather comes on, and there they sit all day long in the open air, the envy of all children who have to be imprisoned in a school room. The children come from different parts of the city, and part of the morning in the band stand is devoted to a botany lesson, when the pupils draw the objects around them, such as the park trees and bushes.

Hawaiians Like School.

The little boy or girl in Hawaii who is so unfortunate as to be an orphan may go to school in a building that is much more like a king's palace than it is like an ordinary school building. And indeed the school house was once the residence of a man as rich as a king, and through the daughter of this man it came to be a part of a huge gift made to the orphan children of Hawaii for their education. This huge and palatial school was once the family residence of a chief of the Kamehamehas, and by his daughter was left to the government to be used as a school building for the orphan boys and girls. In the country parts of Hawaii the usual costume which the children wear to school is a colored chemise and the flower wreath which is the beautiful head dress worn by all Hawaiians.

The Hawaiians do not dislike school so much as boys and girls in some countries and they learn very quickly. They are very imperative, and especially so when they are learning English, which is now taught in all their schools. If they are taught English by a teacher from the British Isles they will speak with a cockney, an Irish or a Scotch accent, according to which part of the islands the teacher hails from. Their native language, Hawaiian, is not taught at all in the schools, and they do not desire that it should be, as they are very anxious to learn English well, but the Hawaiian language is such a beautiful one that it seems a pity it should fall into disuse, as it is bound to do if they all learn to use English alone at school.

Learn Three R's First.

Although the Hawaiian boy and girl are so fond of school, they also are devoted to play, and when school is over it is wonderful to see them dancing in the sunshine, the bright wreaths on their heads and their lithe, graceful bodies swaying to the music. The Hawaiian children are natural dancers, and they also swim and dive beautifully. Another favorite sport with them is surf riding. They often dive for pennies in the water, and they are so skilful and so graceful when they ride over the big waves on their surf boards that visitors to the islands always watch them with admiration.

Nowadays almost all boys and girls are expected to learn much the same sort of things at school, although the language that they study and the country to whose flag they swear allegiance are entirely different. They all learn reading, writing and arithmetic first of all, and something of foreign languages and the sciences next in order, and along with this they study their own literature and the literature of other countries and a little bit of art and music—or perhaps a whole lot of these interesting subjects—and then they take in the classics, Greek and Latin classics, if they are Europeans or Americans, and Chinese also if they are Asiatics, and so on. A long time ago there were quite other requirements which the young men and women were expected to be proficient in before they could take the place of their forebears in the family and the state.

"To ride free, to shoot straight and to tell the truth" were at one time considered the three important features of a

The Reading Lesson, Japan.

boy's education, while it was not necessary for him to read or write at all, for both reading and writing were thought to be necessary for the clergy only. Then the girls were not expected to know anything of books at all, but they were required to know how to work well at huge tapestries and to be proficient in whatever needlework was the fashion of the time, to be learned in household affairs, and to understand the nursing of the sick and the care of wounds. The same sort of education, which was all that was required in Europe during the Middle Ages even of the sons and daughters of nobles, was also looked upon as the necessary kind of schooling by our North American Indians. The Indian boys learned early to ride the swift Indian ponies, do their part in the hunt, trail the wild game with success and spear the salmon with skill, while the Indian girl worked quite as heroically and much more steadily at her tasks of the household, did all of the little farm work which the wild tribes carried on and made the garments for the family of the skins of animals, embroidering them with beads and colored strands.

How Indian Boys Studied.

All of their actual education from our point of view consisted in acquiring the art of using with skill the strange hieroglyphic writing which some savage tribes employed. But from the point of view of general knowledge, such as is not learned in books or schools, they were very well informed indeed. They knew all about the weather signs, the sounds made by wild animals, the calls of birds; they knew the tracks of beasts in the forests; they learned the properties of herbs and how to make use of the roots and plants around them in their primitive medicine; how to tan skins and sew them in their rough fashion; how to whittle arrows, feather them and send them on their way to bring down needed food or an unfortunate enemy.

That must have been a jolly sort of school, you think, where such interesting things were learned instead of dry Latin and dull German and stupid arithmetic or dreary spelling and grammar.

Well, perhaps it was a little more exciting in those old days, when an Indian boy knew that if he hadn't learned aright his lesson of the animal tracks he might be mistaking for the tracks of some harmless creature of the forest the trail of some fierce beast which would pounce upon him in a moment and tear him limb from limb.

And it must have been jolly, too, for the Indian girl, who acquired her education by patiently pounding corn or hunting through the forest ceaselessly for days for certain curative plants which were needed to make some one of the tribe well again.

It may be those were easier kinds of schools and more interesting ones than the ones we have nowadays, those schools of experience which children used to attend long ago, but if they were it is very probable that the boys and girls who attended them didn't see that side of it at all, but would have much preferred to be pupils of the kinds of school we have today.

A YOUTHFUL COURIER.

MAJOR ROBERT A. WIDENMANN, of Stony Point, Rockland county, N. Y., is one of the youngest veterans of the civil war on the Confederate side, for he entered the service at the age of fourteen.

"I was visiting my father, an officer in the Third Georgia Cavalry," said Major Widenmann, in telling how he happened to become a soldier. "While there a lot of horses were brought in, including a black stallion which threw everybody that tried to ride him. We had plenty of spirited horses on our plantation, and I had become something of a rider, young as I was.

"So I asked the colonel for a chance to ride the black charger. He refused, but when my father testified for me he consented, and I selected a saddle and bridle to my liking, with which the animal was finally adorned. Awaiting my chance, I leaped to his back. Away we went, but I stuck, and after a mad ride I brought him back, a white charger, for he was covered with foam.

"But he was subdued, and the colonel and the other officers praised me. 'You might as well have him; nobody else can ride him,' said the colonel, and then he looked at me sharply. 'I want the horse and I want you to stay and ride him and serve as regimental courier. Will you do it?'

"I was naturally elated and pleaded with my father for the post. He reluctantly consented, and so I was taken into the service."

COST OF "MARKING" GREAT SOUTH BAY.

FEW among the hundreds who sail every summer across the broad waters of the Great South Bay, Long Island, laying their course by the channel stakes and buoys which mark the waters, realize at what great expense of time, effort and money those stakes are placed there. The

Court of the Girls' School, Puebla, Mexico.

Bay is for the most part a shoal bay, which means that unless one knows its waters, one is apt to go aground. The depth varies from two feet to thirty-five feet, the latter depth being found only in the channel, which runs from the inlet, just east of the Fire Island light to Patchogue, a distance of nineteen miles. The average catboat, the type which is most prevalent among the craft on the Great South Bay, draws about eighteen inches of water (not counting the centerboard) and are safe on almost any part of the bay. There are, however, many places where sailors on these boats must watch the channel stakes.

These stakes are carried out every spring when the ice breaks up in the bay. Buoys, willow witches, saplings and everything used to mark the channels, go out through the inlet, leaving the bay clear of everything. In the latter part of March, or the first of April, every year, a survey boat, usually a tug, is sent in by the hydrographic department of the United States Navy, to replace all the markings. This is done before the regular navigation season opens, and few of those who take advantage of it see the work done. It is said to cost about $2,500 a year for the Great South Bay alone, and there are dozens of such waters along the Atlantic coast.

A SHAD "ROW."

IT is customary in many of the city schools to give entertainments on the last day before the pupils disperse for the Christmas holidays. Parents are invited to see and hear their young hopefuls recite or take part in special vaudeville stunts or fairy plays devised by the teachers.

One teacher who found herself blessed—or otherwise—with a roomful of unruly boys when school began in the autumn hit upon a happy idea. She promised the boys that if they were good they might have a minstrel show just before the holidays. All through the term the teacher kept this prospect before them, promising the particularly noisy youths good parts if they would keep their deportment up to a fair standard. The promise had the desired effect, the boys were reasonably manageable, and when the performance came off it was a howling success.

One little temporary darky, rubbing his arm, finally attracted the attention of the interlocutor.

"Why, Mistah Jones," he exclaimed, "what's de mattah wif yo' a'm?"

"Why, Mistah Bones, ah wuz out in de Hudson Ribber yestahday fo' shad, an' ah got mah a'm lame rowin' against de tide."

"Well, well," returned the young Mister Bones, "ah nevah saw such foolishness! Why didn't yo' let de shad row?"

MYSTERY ON THE WIRE.

TING-A-LING went the telephone bell. Matthews put the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!" came in feminine tones. "Is Miss Gold there?"

"No; and Miss Silver isn't here, either. You're misled," returned Matthews.

"Miss Lead? Ha! ha! That's a good one," and she rang off into the mysterious unknown.

Interviews with Eminent Animals---

Buster, the Giant Tortoise of the Galapagos.

BY ANTHONY H. EUWER.

(Editor's Note.—If you don't believe an animal can talk—that is, in his own particular way, there's no use reading what follows, which was written for true believers only.)

WHEN a man gets to be a hundred they put his picture in the paper, write up the surprise party that his friends have given him, and everybody thinks he's going some. I know an old fellow who enjoys the best of health, takes his meals regularly, doesn't even wear glasses, and he's watched three centuries slip by and never had a surprise party in all his life. You'll find him in the back yard up at the reptile house. He's no snake, though—just a slight family resemblance about the face. I opened up the talk with the thing that interested me most.

"How do you account for your extreme longevity, Buster?" I said. Out came his head from the casement, blinking one eye.

"My what?"

"Your extreme years—your wonderful age."

He Never Worries.

"Oh! Well, let me see. Never hurrying, I s'pose; never worrying, knowing enough to come into my house when it rains, minding my own business and, above all, remaining a strict vegetarian."

"Goodness! I'd rather die young than bind myself over to a layout like that. Still it must have been a great thing to have straggled through all those years. To think of being alive down through all the Jameses and the Charleses, and the Cromwells and the Georges and the French revolutions!"

"Charleses? Cromwells? Never met 'em. Didn't I tell you I never worried and minded my own business?"

"Why, you haven't lived; you've just existed!"

"My heart has kept beating all the time and I have seen the sun rise and set, and I have watched the stars, and at times I have even thought."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Oh, think again—think hard—try to think of some of the interesting things that have happened to you in all those years," I said, hoping that some of my zeal would penetrate the thick shell.

"Once——"

"Once? Yes; go on."

"As I was saying, my earliest recollections were of the Spanish buccaneers. I was but an unsophisticated tortling of eighty-three when I found my father turned on his back, helpless by the sad sea waves; helpless where the buks had left him till later they returned to carry him away."

Ancestors Ten Times as Big.

"To think of a tortoise turning turtle!" I observed with sympathetic solemnity.

"Don't interrupt!" snapped the speaker. "So ended my father at two hundred and sixty-seven, carried off in his prime to sate the greed of pirate stomachs. Pretty tough, eh?"

"Rather," I said tenderly, "but then if he were cooked long enough"——

Maybe he didn't hear, for he just went on as if nothing had happened.

"Great days, though, in dear old Galapagos. Yes, yes—why, we used to train up and have regular races every twenty five years. Six times I won the championship in the Night and Day event—seven miles in twenty-four hours and three quarters!"

"Whew!"

"Yes, sir!"

"And how do you account for the enormous size you attain down there in the Galapagos?"

"Oh, climate!"

"And your wonderful digestive organs?"

"Climate! Of course every tortoise should tone up now and then on the Bang Bang fruit—never heard of it, eh? Well, you see, the Bang Bang grove is on the tip top of a very high hill with very, very steep and very, very rocky sides."

"Mercy! and how did you ever get to the top?"

"Oh, climbed it!" Next moment there was nothing but a shell before me and a hoarse chuckle seemed to come from somewhere in its depths. The old cut-up had just been waiting for his chance. I was paralyzed, to think of keeping one's humor sense unimpaired, and to be able to remember a wheeze like that through three long centuries! The head protruded cautiously and continued.

"Really, though, it was delicious that Bang Bang fruit. How they envied me, my fellows, for my neck was longer than theirs, and I could let it slide into my mouth from the overhanging boughs. Darwin stopped at our island once. He interviewed me, too. I gave him a lot of deductions. That was when we went around by the thousands, and I remember my grandfather saying how his great-great-grandfather said he remembered when his ancestors were ten times as big as we were."

The Terrible Bang Bangs.

"My! What they must have done to the Bang Bang fruit! But what made their shells get gradually smaller, I wonder?"

"That was just it; it was the Bang Bangs, you see, that did the business, and when they ate most of them up posterity had to suffer."

"How do you ever keep track of your age, anyhow?"

"See that little white line around the sections of my shell—each year we get a new one of those, which makes us that much bigger."

"Oh, I see! Isn't it funny?" I said as I pressed my nail into the white line. Out went the hind feet with a kick—

"Gee! Don't do that! It hurts."

"Hurts? Through all that shell?"

"Sure, that's my quick!"

"Oh, that's how you won the races, was it?" There was no response, for some fresh melons had appeared at the fence and Buster had started in on a two-yard dash to maintain his championship.

"Not so good as the Bang Bangs," he said with a grin between gulps, "but we manage to make 'em do in a pinch."

AN AMERICAN'S DARING SWIM.

CAPTAIN O'KEEFE, of the steamship Havana, of the Ward line, tells of the successful attempt just made by an American in Havana to demonstrate that there are no man eating sharks infesting the waters just outside Havana Harbor. It has long been a superstition among both American and Cuban residents in Havana that the ferocious "tiburones" are thick in the Florida Straits, and that there is a nest of them just under the coral ledge which is the foundation of Morro Castle. The American in question offered to make a public demonstration that the sharks were a small species and in no wise dangerous, and tried to arrange for a public swimming match from the docks in the harbor to the ocean outside Morro, but everybody to whom he mentioned it shuddered with horror. Only the day before he mentioned the scheme a dorsal fin had been seen cutting the waters well inside the harbor entrance, and the cry of "tiburon" immediately went up from the terrified boatmen, who kept close to the docks for the remainder of the day.

Not to be foiled, the American and a friend chartered one of the "bumboats" which are a feature of the harbor and sailed to a point a few rods off Morro, where the daring foreigner, clad in a bathing suit, plunged over the side of the boat and swam around for a quarter of an hour. Hundreds of natives who had heard of the expedition crowded the malecon, or sea wall, and screamed in terror when the swimmer plunged off into what was thought to be certain death. He came back to the boat with all arms and legs intact, and his demonstration is said greatly to have reduced the terror of the sharks among the Cubans.